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## Miscellaneous.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

### The West.

In various original and romantic displays of character, seldom has a land been more fruitful than this western wilderness; our annals are remarkably full of incidents and events possessing deep dramatic interest, and oftentimes leading to most momentous results. If we look back a century and a half, we behold Canadian adventurers, led on by an eager spirit of curiosity and gain, and missionaries, conducted by the hand of religion over the great northern lakes, and through the forests of Illinois, planting their standard, and fixing their home upon the solitary shores of the Mississippi. The brief and imperfect chronicles which have descended to us from those remote periods, abound in scenes of novelty, perilous adventure, pious sacrifices, and curious manifestations of character. They disclose how wonderful was the mastery of a proverbially mercurial people over the stern and ice bound savage; how gaily they mingled in their wild and fearful sports; how thoroughly they understood the springs of Indian action; and how dexterously they availed themselves of their superior knowledge.—We are all aware with what mournful garrulity the lean and slippered relic of those primeval settlers, dwells upon the golden era of the French regime. In his enthusiastic imagination, it was an Arcadia of simplicity and bliss. No government with its vile machinery of jails and court houses, of sheriffs and lawyers, then bound free spirits in its iron chains; and no tax gatherer thrust his importunate hand into the purses of well meaning citizens, to obtain wherewithal to execute the new fangled projects of modern ingenuity. However exaggerated may be these eulogies of times now no more, it is sufficient for our end to know, that strange and fantastical peculiarities grew up beneath both the French and Spanish regime. There were the contrasts between the haughty, plumed hidalgo; the loquacious, flexible Canadian and the unbending, voiceless "children of the leaves." The foreign intruders were soon characterized by new traits. Far removed from the despotism which had ruled them at home, they rioted in the luxury of free, unbounded action. Too often was the rein

flung upon the neck of capricious passions, and their freedom sometimes degenerated into a stormy licentiousness which has left dark and enduring stains upon their memory. Yet were there striking singularities in their manners and habits of life, and attractive as well as repulsive features shining forth in their wild career, which render them not the least interesting of those who have strutted their brief hour and passed away forever from these western shores.

It is not necessary, however, to extend our view back beyond the comparatively short period of seventy years. From the moment when the first adventurous hunters ascended the Alleghanies, and from their lofty summit surveyed the beauty and magnificence of this western world, our annals are crowded with events of an all absorbing interest, furnishing opportunities for the most ample development of intellectual, moral, and physical energies, while they have given birth to impulses that are destined to exert an influence for ages.—Connected with the original settlement of these wilds, there is much to arouse our deepest sympathies, much to excite and keep alive our highest admiration. At this point we pause. Glancing an eye around, we behold a scene of solemn grandeur, beauty, and solitude. Forests of surpassing verdure expand far beyond the reach of vision; their monarchs raising their high crests into the heavens, and tossing their gigantic limbs in every gale. Through them streams, a thousand leagues in length, roll, as they have rolled for centuries, their melancholy waters to the sea. The footsteps of civilization have never been imprinted on the bosom of this soil. The hand of industry has never erected here the monuments of social and domestic life.—The voice of intelligent, cultivated, christianized man has never been heard along these shores. The scream of the panther and the roar of the bison might mingle at times with the wild shouts of savage exultation, and be echoed and re-echoed among the hills. Here was nature clothed in virgin majesty. Such had she been for ages. Such was she when she sprang from the hand of her creator.

This was the region into which, a little more than three score years ago, a few hunters from the Atlantic states first penetrated, their imaginations kindled into en-

thusiasm by the glory of the surrounding scene, and their steps sustained by an intrepidity that never quailed. Here commences an era among the most memorable in the history of our country. Now is the simple, and may we not say, romantic beginning of that series of events whose tendencies are rapidly unfolding to the world, and whose magnificent results are destined to exist and increase throughout coming time. We know not where are themes more worthy the highest efforts of the pencil and the pen, than those presented in the incidents, expeditions, and displays of character which distinguished these early periods. We know not if there be within the wide limits of our land, a theatre upon which more solemn, thrilling tragedies have been enacted, than on the spot once known by the appellation of 'the dark and bloody ground;' and seldom have the sublime qualities of perseverance in most disastrous chances; fortitude under bereavements and torture; self possession in appalling crises, and of courage in battling with a ruthless foe, shone forth more brightly than among the actors in those fearful scenes.

The situation in which the first emigrants found themselves was extraordinary.—Their feeling and character were acted upon by new and peculiar influences. Concealed energies were brought into action. An unusual vigor was imparted to their physical and intellectual natures. A determination was given to their conduct and tempers which strongly distinguished them. If it be inquired what were their predominant traits, we answer, that they possessed in an eminent degree the elements upon which education is designed to operate; those strong and original virtues which constitute the basis of efficient character.—They were abundantly gifted with patience, perseverance, frankness, generosity, a dauntless heroism and an enthusiastic love of liberty. These are the qualities which were developed, amplified, and brought to maturity by peculiar agencies, existing only in the wilderness. Their power is visible in the mighty revolutions which they have wrought; in the new world which within the period of fifty years has sprung into being. Their traces are still legible in the manners of their descendants, and are impressed upon the customs and constitutions prevailing at the present day.



**THE HUNTER.**—Among the early emigrants to the west, whose original features attract and fix attention, we think that the Hunter is entitled to a conspicuous place. The profession which he adopted; and the world in which he lived, were full of charms to his captivated fancy. There was the valley of flowers to gladden his eye. There was the woodland melody to enchant his ear. There were the fountains of chrysal waters to quench his thirst, and the delicious banquet of the chase to regale his appetite. There were his companions, his rifle, and his hounds, to keep alive his warm affections, while above and around him was an ever present sublimity to fill his soul with awe. Even the extremest toils and perils were cheerfully encountered; for while they gave an astonishing acuteness to the senses, and imparted vigor and elasticity to the frame, they stirred up tumultuous feelings, and called into exercise, to render perfect, his powers of invention. Condemning the forms and trammels of regulated society, he clothes himself in picturesque costume, and bounding over the hills and along the valleys, he

"Would not his unbounded free condition  
Put into circumspection and confine  
For the sea's worth."

Far removed, for long periods of time from any human intercourse, he converses with the echoes of the forest, or communes in silence with his Maker and the divinity that dwells within. He is happy in the solitude of the deep woods, and rejoices in the amplex of his undisputed range. But the tide of emigration swells, and roars, and sweeps onward. He hears the axe of industry, and sees the smoke from the intruder's dwelling overshadowing his fair hunting grounds. The buffalo and the deer have already taken their flight. Gazing for a moment at the encroachments of civilization, he turns his face towards the setting sun, and uttering a malediction upon the hand that so ruthlessly wars with nature's peace, he plunges again into the far depths of the wilderness, that he may roam unmolested in his own appropriate home. This is a portrait from real life, tinged though it may be with the softest hues of poetry and romance. Of the thousands who abandoned the refinements of cultivated society for the wild charms of a Huntsman's life, perhaps the most illustrious model may be found in the far famed Patriarch of Kentucky.—*Id.*

**THE PIONEERS.**—Less romantic, though not less interesting, are the character and fortunes of those, who, with their wives and children, and implements of husbandry, first crossed the mountains and braving danger and death, deposited as it were, their household gods on the bosom of the savage wilderness. They may emphatically be denominated the Fathers of the West.—They are properly the renowned Pioneers, whose names are on every tongue, and

whose deeds we would have perpetuated through every age. Their industry first awoke the long slumber of the forest, letting in the sun upon its gloom, and making it to smile as a garden. It was their intelligence which laid broad and deep their foundations of an enduring empire. It is in their energy, privations, and bloodshed that we may discover the germ of those great blessings which have sprung up to gladden the hearts and to enrich the understanding of millions.

The various circumstances connected with the settlement of a new country, are never devoid of interest. Whoever reflects upon the unrelenting ferocity of Indian hostilities; the extremes of hope and fear that so long agitated the emigrants; the exceeding beauty of the scenes in which their solitary labors were commenced; and the grand results that have followed so immediately in the train of their simple beginnings; must acknowledge, that the early settlement of this region, distinguished by features that have peculiar claims upon attention. Reposing beneath the vines and fig trees, which were planted by the enterprise, and watered by the blood of the Pioneer, we have but faint conceptions of the hazards and sufferings through which he was compelled to pass. We may see him engaged in the peaceful occupation of the husbandman, yet armed at every point, for defensive conflict. We may read how very sudden was the transition from the domestic hearth to the murderous battle field. Yet how little do we know of the anguish that rent his bosom, when returning from his labors, he beheld his dwelling wreathed in flames, and his wife falling with her children beneath the tomahawk and scalping knife. Although a great portion of his time was spent amidst peril and slaughter, still he had his moments of enthusiastic enjoyment. In the past, was the recollection of victories won, and of tremendous obstacles subdued. In the present, was the delicious scenes of healthful existence, enjoyed in freedom among the fairest works of creation. In the future, was the dim vision of a glory whose similitude no eye had seen, and no imagination conceived. Nor was he altogether removed from gentle and holy influences. Here was woman's love stronger than death, and her heroic fortitude which no calamities could bow down. The kind affections over which time cannot triumph, which bloom under every sky, and grow in freshness and vigor, when all things else decay, were often manifested in a strength and delicacy, that well proclaimed their celestial origin. Instances abound among the tempestuous scenes of border warfare, in which the female character burst forth in forms equally novel, romantic, and attractive. Here also was the devoted missionary of the cross, with his consoling voice cheering his people with glimpses of an eternal beauty, and pointing the vengeful sons of the forest to that equal sky, into which the distinctions of this world never enter, and where oppressor and oppressed are

never known. We have ever regarded this character with unusual interest. In his heroic sacrifice of self, that his Master's temple might be built up in the hearts of stern and savage men, shines forth a spirit as beautiful as it is sublime.—*Id.*

#### **THE BOATMEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI.**—

It may not be improper to suggest another class of character, which, though it was created by temporary circumstances, and at this day has almost ceased to exist, is remarkably distinguished by original features. We allude to that which is expressed by the simple and familiar appellation, 'the boatmen of the Mississippi.' Their existence began with the introduction of commerce upon the western rivers. It continued until the great era, when the steam engine began to supplant every other boat propelling agent, at which period they numbered several thousands. As is well known, they constituted a race by themselves. From the communities around them, they were separated by broad distinctions. Their singular employment—their almost total exemption from the restraints that prevail in civil life—the frequent hazards which it was their fortune to encounter, and the splendid scenery, in the bosom of which their brief lives were spent, all combined to mould a character of bold and romantic originality. They were original in their tastes, as indicated by costume and amusements. They were original in their views of justice, as made manifest by their sovereign contempt of law and its professors. They were original in their general habits of thinking, as well as in the strange and idiomatic phraseology which served as a vehicle for their thoughts. Their life was an alternation from extreme hardship to extreme toil.—From the former they were aroused by sounds of music, or the shouts of an affray in which it was their glory to participate. From the latter, whose severity warred upon the physical powers, they were relieved by an early death. When living, they were recognized by their lordly tone and bold, swaggering air. Their graves may here and there be seen dotting the shores of the Ohio and the Mississippi.—*Id.*

**OLD MAIDS.**—I consider an unmarried lady declining into the vale of years, as one of those charming countries bordering on China, that lies waste for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, but some of its neighbors, who are insensible to its beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate the soil.—*Goldsmith.*

"There is nothing so *bastely*," continued Murphy, in his criticism on base manners, "so unmannerly and so ridiculous, at the dinner table, as to see a man trying till deafen a body with his jabber, while his mouth is so full of *bafe* and *potatoes*, that he can't say a word."



From the New York Mirror.

**A Serenade.**

FROM THE SPANISH.

If slumber, sweet Lisena!  
Have stolen o'er thine eyes,  
As night steals o'er the glory  
Of spring's transparent skies.

Wake in thy scorn and beauty,  
And listen to the strain  
That murmurs my devotion,  
That mourns for thy disdain.

Here, by thy doors, at midnight,  
I pass the dreary hour,  
With plaintive sounds profaning  
The silence of thy bower;

A tale of sorrow cherished  
Too fondly to depart,  
Of wrong from love the flatterer,  
And from my own wild heart.

Twice o'er this vale, the seasons  
Have brought and borne away  
The January tempest,  
The genial wind of May:

Yet still my plaint is uttered,  
My tears and sighs are given  
To earth's unconscious waters,  
And wandering winds of heaven.

I saw from this fair region,  
The smile of summer pass,  
And myriad frost-stars glitter  
Among the russet grass.

While winter seized the streamlets,  
That fled along the ground,  
And fast in chains of crystal  
The truant murmurers bound.

I saw that to the forest  
The nightingales had flown,  
And every sweet-voiced fountain  
Had hushed its silver tone.

The maniac winds, divorcing  
The turtle from his mate,  
Raved through the leafy beeches,  
And left them desolate.

Now May with lift and music  
The blooming alley fills,  
And rears her flowery arches  
For all the little rills.

The minstrel bird of evening  
Comes back on joyous wings,  
And like the harp's soft murmur  
Is heard the gush of springs.

And deep within the forest  
Are wedded turtles seen,  
Their nuptial chambers seeking—  
Their chambers close and green.

The rugged trees are mingling  
Their flowery sprays in love;  
The ivy scales the laurel,  
To clasp the boughs above.

They change—but thou, Lisena,  
Art cold while I complain:  
Why to thy lover only  
Should spring return in vain?

Bacon was wont to commend much the sayings of an old man at Buxton, who sold brooms. A young spendthrift came to him for a broom upon trust, to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? borrow of thy back and of thy belly; they will never ask thee for it—I shall be dunning thee every day."

**Revolutionary Anecdote.**

We extract the following interesting story from the Boston Daily Advertiser.

MR. EDITOR—I have recently seen a notice in the papers of the death of Solomon Adams, Esq of Farmington, Maine. I knew him well as an upright, intelligent and somewhat facetious old gentleman, in independent circumstances, who delighted in telling over the stories of former times, and the perils of his boyhood. He was a soldier of the Revolution, being what was then called a *year's man*. It may be interesting to your readers to see an anecdote of those perilous times, which is worthy of being rescued from oblivion: and which the friends of the *Squire* as he was generally called, will remember to have heard him often relate. Not having at this moment by me any books to which I can refer, I cannot be particular about dates and places: but can only give the gist of the story, as nearly as possible in the *Squire's* own words. "I enlisted" said he "in the revolutionary army at about the age of eighteen, in the early part of the contest, and was placed under the command of Benedict Arnold. It was the most gloomy period of the Revolution, when Washington with his remnant of an army was retreating thro' the Jerseys, when Sir Henry Clinton was in possession of New York, and Burgoyne of Ticonderoga. The British commanders had formed the plan of establishing a line of Fortifications from Lake George to New York, for the purpose of cutting off the communication between the *Rebels* of the East and the South. A detachment of about a thousand British and Tories, under Col. St. Leger was sent from Ticonderoga to carry this plan into effect, who in conformity with the true British policy of the period was re-inforced with about the same number of Indians, his Majesty's faithful allies. It became an object of the utmost importance to intercept this detachment, and break up the communication. The work was assigned by Washington to Arnold—but he could spare for this important service no more than about seven hundred men. I was in this detachment. One evening after a tedious march, we took up our quarters in a little farming village, and shortly after the halt a notorious spy was brought into camp.—His name was Cuyler, a *tory* and a *cow boy* in the employ of St. Leger. He was immediately tried by a Court Martial, and I recollect well that the famous Gen. Hull of Canada memory, (then a Major) was on the Court Martial. Proof was abundant and he was sentenced to death, and as time was pressing, he was to be executed early in the morning. Cuyler was ironed, placed in an upper chamber, in the house where Arnold quartered, and I was selected to guard the door. As the prisoner's father lived not far distant, he requested that he might be sent for; and at early dawn the old man, his wife and another son were in-

troduced into the chamber. The meeting was a most affecting one. In the midst of their weeping, Arnold happened to pass the door, and hearing the lamentations went in. The aged mother fell at his feet, and begged the life of her son—"He must die in one hour" said Arnold, and left the room. Instead of passing out of the passage, he lingered at the door, and after listening for a moment began to pace backward and forward in the passage way apparently in deep thoughts. He again went in and the mother entreated—"Is there no way he can be spared—can we do nothing to save his life—we will make any sacrifice, perform any service, only save my poor boy." Arnold hesitated; on perceiving which, the mother renewed her entreaties and was seconded by the father and brother. He at length replied, "He can be saved, but the condition is that he shall proceed immediately to the encampment of St. Leger, and inform him that Gen. Arnold is coming with an army of four thousand men, with artillery, &c. prepared to give immediate battle."

The prisoner professed the most cordial acquiescence. "But no rascal said Arnold, I shall not trust you. If your brother will consent to remain as a hostage you may go but mark me, he continued with a tremendous oath, if your report does not send St. Leger upon his back track your brother's life is forfeit. All acquiesced in this but the brother, who demurred the conditions; distrusting perhaps the fidelity of the spy, as well as his skill in framing a report that should produce the desired effect. The intreaties of the mother prevailed here also, and her ingenuity aided the spy in framing his story. Arnold perceiving that the matter was arranged left the room.—He had eyed me during this scene as I stood looking at the half opened door, and as he passed me, only remarked "you know your duty." The father and mother retired. In a few moments an officer came and transferred the irons from one to the other of the brothers, and both were left in the room. The movement among the men below convinced me that arrangements were making to clear the coast. An old woman brought a knapsack and placed it beside the door of the prison room, and presently put into it a slice of pork and half a loaf of bread. I retired to a nook, yet so that I could see all that was going on. Cuyler presently shouldered the knapsack, passed out, and after dodging from the corn house to the barn, skulked to the woods which were near by.

Arnold was confident of the success of his artifice. Having learned from the spy that St. Leger was in the vicinity of Fort Schuyler, he took up a rapid march and the next day at noon we found ourselves in the British encampment. A most curious spectacle here presented itself. The artillery and baggage of the enemy was left scattered in the utmost confusion—not a tent was removed; and the fires were actually smoking under their kettles, which contained an



excellent dinner ready cooked to our hands. *They had not been gone an hour when we arrived.* Our men partook heartily of the viands left by our hospitable foe, gave three cheers, and then set about clearing up the encampment.

"I afterwards learned from Cuyler the particulars of his interview with St. Leger. On his arrival he immediately repaired to the tent of the commander with his hat and coat pierced with bullet holes for the occasion. He found St. Leger surrounded with his officers and Indian chiefs, and proceeded forth with to deliver his message; telling a horrible tale of his capture and escape; of the bullets which had grazed his cheek and pierced his coat; and withal that Arnold was coming on like a chafed tiger with a force sufficient to swallow them up. He had not finished his tale when Indian Chiefs slunk in terror and anger to convey the tidings to their followers. They had been promised much booty with little fighting; and now with a prospect of bloody fighting and no booty they broke out into open mutiny. The panic spread from the Indians and officers to the common soldiers and nothing could now restrain them.—They made their escape in the most terrible confusion with barely their arms in their hands."

The above affair although trivial in itself when compared with many others, resulted in the most important events; and was one of that train of circumstances which indicated a turn in the tide of affairs favorable to the American cause in the great struggle for our Independence. M. S.

#### A True Story.

There lived some years ago, in the town of —, in Connecticut, a man who was much addicted to the practice of converting his neighbor's property to his own use and benefit, without *if* or *and*. The clergyman of the town suspecting him of making too free with his hay, had one night concealed himself in his barn with his dark lantern. The thief soon appeared, and tying up a large bundle, had just left the premises, when the Rev. owner, instead of bawling out, "You scoundrel you! what do you mean by stealing my hay! disengaged the candle from the lantern and dexterously applied it to the combustible load. The bundle was soon in a light blaze, and the unlucky fellow, suspecting that he was pursued by some person with a light, laid his feet to the ground with uncommon agility. But it was in vain to escape the pursuing fire. The blaze increasing in brightness as he ran, seemed to his terrified imagination to come nearer, till venturing to look around to discover the extent of his danger, he perceived to his astonishment, that the stolen hay was on fire. How it came so, puzzled him not a little. But as conscious guilt assisted his natural credulity, he settled down upon the conclusion that the fire was sent from heaven to admonish him of his transgression. Full of this

alarming notion he gave himself no rest until he had gone to the parson, and made confession of his crime, and related the supposed extraordinary and terrible warning from heaven. The Rev. gentleman humored his credulity, under the idea that it might reform his life. He was not mistaken; for the blazing hay had made so deep an impression on the poor fellow's mind, that from henceforth he forsook his evil courses, became a valuable member of society, and was united to the flock of the judicious clergyman, who had assisted so materially in his reformation. He finally died an honest man, in the firm belief of the interposition of Providence in setting fire to the stolen hay. The parson kept the secret till the poor man was laid in the dust, but then even the clerical tongue could no longer resist the desire of communicating so serious an incident.—*Berk. American.*

#### A Canadian Song.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

'Tis merry to hear at evening time,  
By the blazing hearth, the sleighbell's chime;  
And to know each bound of the steed brings nigh—  
er

The friend for whom we have heaped the fire;  
Light leap our hearts, while the listening hound  
Springs forth to hail him with bark and bound.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound,  
As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground;—  
Hark! he has passed the dark pinewood—  
And skims like a bird o'er the icebound flood;  
Now he catches the gleam from the cabin door,  
Which tells that his toilsome journey's o'er.

Our cabin is small, and coarse our cheer,  
But Love has spread the banquet here;  
And childhood springs to be caressed  
By our well-beloved and welcome guest;  
With a smiling brow his tale he tells,  
While the urchins ring the merry sleighbells.

From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolves howl,  
From the hollow oak loud whoops the owl,  
Scared by the crash of the falling tree;  
But these sounds bring terror no more to me;  
No longer I listen with boding fear,  
The sleighbell's distant clime to hear.

THE PERILS OF PEARL STREET.—Almost an entire new edition of this work—which our readers will recollect was lately announced in this paper—*went off* in the short space of one hour, having been consumed at the late fire in a printing office in Cliff street. This is rather an unlucky event to both author and publisher; for however rapid both might wish the book to go, they would have preferred to have it turned into cash rather than into ashes. By this accident a considerable delay in the publication has necessarily been occasioned. But it gives us pleasure to learn that the printer was insured, so that his "perils" were less than his friends apprehended they might be. The Pearl street "perils" are now re-printing, and will shortly appear before the public; but although the author is a *luminous* writer, we doubt whether the second edition will cast as much *light* upon our *benighted* city, as the first.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

CURIOUS THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY BY A SAILOR.—When a couple of fond, faithful lovers, launched by Hymen, sail through life prepared for all kinds of weather; when in every shifting part of the changeable year, they guide their vessels by the rudder of reason, when they carefully avoid the rocks of imprudence, and run no risks by a prohibited commerce; when they perfectly understand each other's trim, and never make false signals, nor hang out false colors; when they can tell to a hair when to traverse or tack; to advance and to retreat; to preserve themselves steadily through syrens attempts to seduce, by well balasted heads, and secure their hearts against the topgallant delights of the age, which never fail to engage the fresh water fry; when they keep their rebellious passions under the hatches, that they may not make a frightful explosion and give a shock to the pillar of conjugal happiness; when they, in every dispute, on the stern or the head, are never ill mannered, though they are sometimes tenacious of their respective opinions: but by skilfully watching the turn of the tide, conduct their bark safely thro' the straits of contention: when they know, at all times how to regulate their behavior; to give a broadside, or to return a salute: when they cautiously avoid the shoals of ambition, by which first rates and frigates are frequently demolished; when they cut their cables on being drawn into gaming, and scud away with all their sails spread, from the gulf of ruin, in which thousands and ten thousands are tumbled, lost and totally destroyed. We may venture to say of this pair, that they will make a very good conjugal voyage through life, and stand a fair chance to die in the harbor of felicity.

DR. FRANKLIN.—The leading property of Dr. Franklin's mind, great as it was—the faculty which made him remarkable, and set him apart from other men—the generator, in truth, of all his power—was good sense—only plain, good sense, nothing more. He was not a man of genius; there was no brilliancy about him; little or no fervor; nothing like poetry or eloquence; and yet by the sole, untiring co-operation of this humble, unpretending quantity of the mind, he came to do more in the world of science—more in council—more in the revolution of empires—uneducated, or self educated as he was—than five hundred others might have done, each with more genius, more fervor, more eloquence, and more brilliancy.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

To cultivate the sensibilities much, and a taste for romance at an early age, to the neglect of more solid acquirements, is about as wise as to sow arable ground with poppies. In spring, all will be prematurely beautiful; in autumn, every thing bleak and bare, and there will be but a drowsy residuum in place of healthful nourishment to be reaped from the fruit of the soil.



The following are the concluding stanzas of a New Year's Address to the patrons of the St. Claireville Gazette.

### Woman.

When darkness cloth'd this world of ours,  
An unform'd mass it laid;  
There breath'd no sweets—there bloom'd no flow-  
ers—  
No songs in green arcade:  
And when that world in beauty shone,  
Man gaz'd in wild despair—  
He wandered thro' its sweets alone,  
For woman was not there!

In Eden's rosy bower he slept  
With solitude oppress'd,  
And in his dreams with anguish wept  
For one congenial breast,  
In vision'd slumber, who can tell,  
The lonely grief he felt,  
Or his deep joy when first he woke,  
And Eve beside him knelt?

And through the devious path of life,  
To cheer its gloomy wild,  
Man by the angel-friend—his wife,  
Will find its ills beguil'd;  
And care, nor sorrow, sin nor shame,  
Will in his pathway tread;  
And sacred virtue will embalm  
Their memories when dead.

### The Convent Cell.

On a bleak and gloomy morning in the month of March, 1827, two travelers walked up the aisle of the church of St. —, in one of the chief towns of the Netherlands. They were evidently strangers, not only to the place, which they gazed at with curiosity, but to the manners and feelings of the congregation, for they were observed to walk carelessly past the *Beniteir*, without dipping their fingers in the blessed water; nor did they bend their knees as they crossed before the altar.

Still there was nothing of indifference in their manners; nothing, in short, which any liberal minded devotee might not have excused in the bearing of two heretics, unaccustomed to Roman Catholic rites, and acting from impulses of inexperience and youth. For they were both young, under five and twenty; and they had that reckless and independent air which marks the citizens of a free country. They were, in fact, Americans, who with a full fund of health, money, and ardor for variety, had just arrived in Europe, and were starting on their journey in quest of knowledge and adventures.

They had landed a day or two before at Ostend, from London, and this was their first visit to a Roman Catholic Church, in a Roman Catholic country. One of the strangers, who was a quaker, viewed the religious ceremonies without any other emotion than that of a painter or novelist, as if scanning the groups for the effect which they would produce portrayed on the canvas, or in description; while the other, of a more sanguine temperament, felt a deeper moral interest in the scene.

He was, however, after a short time, roused to a more minute and personal train of thought, by observing, that one of the nuns who had most pretensions to beauty,

fixed her looks upon him, with an uncommon intenseness, and in a manner so remarkable, as to cause him at length, considerable embarrassment. There was something in the expression of her countenance, and in the determined scrutiny of her gaze, that made him almost shudder. She was handsome, certainly. Her features were regular and marked; but she was pale to sallowness, and her dark eyes had a restlessness of motion, that seemed caused by an unquiet mind.

He then felt his cheeks glow, and he gave to his looks the tenderest expression of which they were capable. He saw an answering flush rise on the pallid brow of the nun, and a smile, that thrilled through him, but not with unmoved delight, played for an instant on her colorless lips. Her eyes then sank down and her face resumed her calm and sculptured look.

The service was at length concluded; the priests had retired from the deserted altar, and one by one the congregation left the church. Aroused by his less excitable friend the enamoured young gentleman also arose to retire.

They were on the point of quitting their places and retiring from the almost deserted church; the friend of the young lover, for so we must call him, had turned round and made a few steps in the direction of the door, and the lover himself was about to follow, when his parting look at the nun was answered by an imploring grace from her quick raised eyes, and a momentary, but intelligible motion with her finger, that he should remain.

Determined, of course, to comply with this invitation, he found means to rid himself of his friend, and followed his fair nun down a back stair, entered with her a narrow recess, lighted by a single lamp, before a shrine, contained in which, she again resumed her kneeling position. The lover took a position at a few yards distant from the object of his gaze, and leaning against a pillar, awaited her communication.

With her head low bent, and inclined towards him, while she turned over her beads with much apparent devotion, she asked him, in a deep whisper, "do you understand French?"

"Yes," murmured he.

"Do you speak it?"

"Not sufficiently to express your influence on me."

This was answered by her wonted smile.

"Good heaven, is it satisfaction or triumph?" thought the American.

"If you can see in me any thing to interest you," continued she, "are you inclined to do me a favor?"

"Am I!" replied he with energy—"try me—put me to the proof!"

"It is no trifle," said she, solemnly.

"Any thing is trifling that can enable me to serve you; for any thing short of death command me!"

"And if death did not cross your path in the adventure?" exclaimed she, with a full

expression of voice and piercing solemnity of look.

"By heavens! I'd even spurn that," cried he; "you have exalted me to a pitch of excitement, I know not how or wherefore."

"I am satisfied with you," resumed she—"I believe you to be a man of honor; and that your fine person and striking face can not be allied to an ignoble soul; I feel myself safe in your hands. You perceive that the rules of my order are not the strictest! but their discovered infringement is ruin; and I am now infringing them. I can speak to you no more at present—I have run a fearful risk. But meet me outside the that little portal to-night at nine. I will admit you punctually as the clock strikes. You must not speak; but trust to me, follow me and count on my gratitude."

At the hour of nine, the young American, followed by his anxious friend, rushed to the convent. The lover gains admittance; and shortly after is seen returning, bearing a figure wrapped in his cloak, which, from its form and dimensions is judged to be a human being. The alarm and anxiety of the friend, heightened by this occurrence, is aroused, and he follows at a distance and in silence.

After a little time, in which they traversed several by-streets, they reached one of those canals with which the town abounded, and the lover unhesitatingly descended one of the flights of steps, which facilitate the landing of goods from the barges, and the embarkation of persons employed.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the watchful friend to himself, "can he be wild enough to bear her off at night in some open boat, God knows where!—Where or how will this adventure end?"

He placed himself close to the quay wall and looked over the parapet. He saw his friend on the steps; there was no boat of any kind stationed near or in sight, yet the lover continued to descend!

"What can this mean? What frantic feat can be destined to conclude this affair?" muttered the careful guardian as he watched with intense interest, and as he watched, he observed the object of his care to disencumber himself of his burden, and a figure in black emerged from beneath the cloak, and a heavy plunge into the stagnant water was the signal of its disappearance.

The perpetrator of this appalling deed immediately ascended the steps. The shocked witness felt the blood curdling through his veins. His eyes seemed doubly fixed on his retreating friend and on the rippled surface of the water where the body sank. The safety of his friend kept him mute; for to call assistance was to reveal the murderer!

Leaving the place, he quickly gained upon his companion, who, to his astonishment, took the direct road to the hotel. They arrived there at the same moment and they recognized each other without exchanging a word. A simultaneous pressure



of the hand was the salutation; and the friend shuddered to feel, that the one he clasped was cold and clammy. The door opened to their summons, and they mounted together to their chamber.

The explanation given by the young American to his friend, is full of that source of interest which lovers of the Ratcliffe school delight in—namely, the horrible. The nun, by whose appearance he had been captivated, had received some untold injury or slight from a young priest; and assassinated him in her cell. It was for the purpose of conveying away the murdered body that she invited the traveler to this fearful interview. Maddened by her beauty and the draught of wine which she had induced him to swallow, he consented to become the agent of her dark purpose. But to avoid the possibility of her crime being detected, she had mixed poison in the cup, and the unfortunate stranger, at once her agent and her victim, scarcely finishes his narration, before the drug takes effect, and he expires in great torture. His fellow traveler lays before the officer of the police a statement of the whole transaction, but a bigoted respect for the religious association, stifles the decrees of justice, and induces them, without making any investigation, to suffer the mysterious and dreadful circumstance to pass into oblivion.

#### Horre Tooke.

Mr. Tooke was, in private company and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful. He put one in mind of the burden of the song of the king's old courtier, and an old courtier, of the kings'. He was, however, of the opposite party. It was curious to hear our modern sciolist advancing opinions of the most radical kind without any mixture of radical heat or violence, in a tone of fashionable nonchalance, with elegance of gesture and attitude, and with the most perfect good humor. In the spirit of opposition, or in the pride of local superiority he too often shocked the prejudices or wounded the self-love of those about him, while he himself displayed the same unmoved indifference of equanimity. He said the most provoking things with a laughing gaiety and a polite attention, that there was no withstanding. He threw others off their guard by thwarting their favorite theories, and then availed himself of the temperance of his own pulse to chafe them into madness. He had not one particle of difference for the opinions of others, nor of sympathy with their feelings; nor had he obstinate convictions of his own to defend—

Lord of myself, uncumbered with a creed?

he took up my topic by chance, and played with it at will, like a juggler with his cups and balls. He generally ranged himself on the losing side, and had an ill-natured delight in contradiction, and in per-

plexing the understanding of others, without leaving them any clue to guide them out of the labyrinth into which he had led them. He understood, in its perfection, the great art of throwing the 'onus probandi' on his adversary, and so could maintain almost any opinion, however absurd or fantastical, with fearless impunity. He used to plague Fuseli, by asking him after the origin of the Teutonic dialects; and Dr. Parr, by wishing to know the meaning of the common copulative, *Is*. Once at Gray's he defended Pitt from a charge of verbiage and endeavored to prove him superior to Fox. Some one imitated Pitt's manner, to show that it was monotonous; and he imitated him also, to show that it was not. He maintained (what would he not maintain!) that young Betty's acting was finer than John Kemble's, and recited a passage from Douglas, in the manner of each, to justify the preference he gave to the former. He argued on the same occasion in the same breath, that Addison's style was without modulation, and that it was physically impossible for any to write well, who was habitually silent in company. He sat like a king at his own table, and gave law to his guests and to the world! No man knew better how to manage his immediate circle, to foil, or bring them out.

Porson was the only person of whom he stood in some degree of awe, on account of his prodigious memory, and knowledge of his favorite subject, languages. Sheridan, it has been remarked, said more good things, but had not an equal flow of pleasantry. As an instance of Mr. Horre Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, it has been mentioned that once at a public dinner, when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drank, with a glass of wine in his hand, and when there was a great clamor and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to show it was still full. Mr. Holcroft, the author of the *Road to Ruin*, was one of the most violent and fiery-spirited of all that motley crew of persons who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbledon. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or raillery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair, and said, 'Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!' The other, without manifesting the least emotion, replied, 'Mr. Holcroft, when is it that I am to dine with you? Shall it be next Thursday?' 'If you please, Mr. Tooke!' answered the angry philosopher, and sat down again. It was delightful to see him sometimes turn from these waspish or ludicrous altercations with overweening antagonists, to some old friend and veteran politician seated at his elbow; to hear him recall the time of Wilkes and liberty, the conversation mellowing like the wine with the smack of age; assenting to all the old man said, bringing out his pleasant traits, and pampering him into childish self-importance, and sending him away thirty years younger than he came.

#### The Panther Hunter.

On the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, lived some years ago, an individual whose life had been devoted to the woods and the storm. He had grown old in the forest, but like the aged and knotty oak, a vestige still remained of his antiquity and hardihood. When I saw him first, he reminded me of a dilapidated and deserted fortress, decaying, but still strong. I courted his acquaintance, and many is the time that I have warmed myself during the dreary months, at the bright fire the industry of age had kindled. I loved the old man, but that love could not have originated in pity for his misfortunes—no, he was happy as spring birds! The only regret he ever expressed was that the 'clearings' around had driven away the game. He was himself a pioneer of the forest, and civilization had deprived him of half its charms yet he would tell over the tales of his eventful life and weep and laugh as he recollected them. 'Oh,' said he once to me, 'I have seen the foot prints of the Indian and the panther, where now the fields are white with harvests; they have passed away with the wildness, and my own grey head will soon lie down in the dust—I must not murmur—yet I shall be the last who has witnessed nature on this spot in her simple and solitary grandeur, but if I could once again exhibit a panther skin as the trophy of my age, I could even forget that.'

The day was fast waning away, and the shades of the surrounding trees enveloped the watchful hunter as he paced the margin of an almost inaccessible ravine, eager to discover his prey; but the panther appeared not, and he began to fear he had been doomed to watch in vain. At length, he leaned his rifle against a tree, and commenced partaking a scanty repast he had provided; all was still around him—his dog lay quietly by his rifle—a few yards beyond him the clear and sparkling waters of the West Branch might be seen meandering in loveliness beneath the craggy bank or precipice, lifting itself towards the skies more than a hundred feet. Thitherward the hunter strayed, looking upon the stream and valley below, crimsoned by the setting sun, while thoughts of other days chased one another across his brain as summer clouds cast their flickering shadows over a harvest field. He was aroused from his lethargy by a rustling in the shrubbery near him, and turning, he beheld a panther cross his path. He shuddered, for his rifle still leaned against the tree, where he left it, and the panther was between him and that tree. 'Oh God,' he cried, 'be thou merciful to me.' The animal seemed to have observed him, and springing into the tree, with a growl, now surveyed the horror stricken hunter, while his fierce and fiery gaze made him recoil to the very brink of the precipice. He cast his eyes over the abyss—there was no retreat—death stared him in the face on either side, and he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair.—



Yet there might be hope—he held his knife in one hand, whilst unconscious of what he did, he firmly grasped a small sapling with the other; his dog, however, instead of relieving his fears, only excited them, irritating his foe by an angry bark, as it lay crouched upon the limb like a cat ready to spring upon her prey; but still this spring was delayed, as if it felt conscious that its prey was sure, and a pleasure in holding its victim in terrific suspense. At length, ripping up the bark with a ferocious and quick growl, it drew its recumbent length together, then suddenly expanding itself sprung through the air towards its victim. The hunter, who had eagerly watched its motions, with a shriek of horror sprung aside but fortunately held to the sapling with an almost convulsive grasp. The sharp claws of the animal fixed in his clothing and seemed nigh to have carried him headlong with it over the dread abyss—for a moment it seemed that the panther would recover its footing, but with an intuitive presence of mind the old man ripped asunder his clothing, and it fell from cragg to cragg marking the sharp projection of the rocks with its blood, till the welcome sound of its fall to the earth, struck on his ears as joyfully as the sound of liberty to the captive. He rushed forward to his rifle, fearful perhaps that life was not extinct in his enemy.—Soon, however, the contents of his piece were lodged in the head of his foe, while a prayer went up to heaven from his lips in gratitude for his preservation. The hunter exhibited his trophy, but the terror and toil had been too great—he expired in a short time after.

**SHERIDAN.**—A friend having pointed out to Mr. Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of Pizarro, and that too, in the midst of Rolla's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but instantly recovering his usual good humor, he said, "Ah, poor man! Let him sleep, he thinks he is on the *Bench*."

At Drontheim, in Norway, they have a regiment of soldiers, called the Skate runners. They wear long gaiters, for traveling in deep snow, and green uniform.—They carry a short sword, a rifle fastened by a broad strap passing over the shoulder, and a climbing staff seven feet long, with an iron spike at the end. They move so fast in the snow, that no cavalry or infantry can overtake them; and it does little good to fire cannon balls at them, as they go 2 or 300 paces apart. They are very useful soldiers in following an enemy on a march. They go over marshes, rivers and lakes, at a great rate.

When King Charles XII was shot at Frederikshall, a skate runner carried the news four hundred miles, twelve hours sooner than a mail messenger, who went at the same time. There were then seven thousand Swedes laying siege to Drontheim;

when the news came, they broke up their quarters, and retreated as fast as possible. They were obliged to go over the mountains, and the snow was deep, and the weather exceedingly cold. Two hundred Skate-runners followed hard after them, and came up with them one very cold morning. But all the troops were dead, having been frozen in their tents, among the mountain snow drifts. They had burnt every morsel of wood, even the stocks of muskets to warm themselves.

**LITERARY ANECDOTE.**—I recollect an anecdote told me by a late highly respectable inhabitant of Windsor, as a fact to which he could personally testify, it having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to read it aloud in the long winter evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have an attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book: but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrives which brings the hero and heroine together, and set them living long and happily, according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys actually set the parish bells ringing.—*Sir John Herschel.*

**SHISHAK'S VICTORY OVER REHOBOAM.**—The truth of this part of Sacred History has truly received a most remarkable confirmation. One of the great palaces of the Egyptian kings at Karnac was partly built by Shishak, or as the Egyptians called him, Sheshonk; and on one of the walls, which is still standing, Champollion, during his visit to Thebes in 1828, discovered a piece of sculpture representing the victories of this Pharaoh, who is dragging the chiefs of thirty conquered nations to the idols worshipped at Thebes. Among the captives, is one, the hieroglyphics upon whose shield contain the words Ioudaba Malek, which means King of Judah. The figure, therefore, represents Rehoboam, the only Jewish king vanquished by Shishak; and thus, after the lapse of two thousand eight hundred years, we have the unexceptionable testimony of an enemy, to the faithfulness of Scripture History.—*Outlines of Sacred History.*

#### Vicissitudes of Fortune.

The annexed anecdote of a distinguished American is related, in a recent letter of the correspondent of the New York American from Monroe, the site of the French town of the late war, in Michigan territory: Of the 700 young men murdered here, the greater part were students at law, young physicians, and merchants, and the sons of opulent farmers, and in short the very flow-

er of the youth of Kentucky. The event threw the whole of that State into mourning.—Speaking of the troops who were concerned in the early operations of these regions, I have heard a number of interesting accounts from different persons of the formation of several corps. One of these, I will venture to repeat. A graduate of William's College, Massachusetts, who had been recently admitted to the bar, was riding through the State of Kentucky, perhaps with the design of finding some favorable point at which to fix his abode and commence the practice of his profession, when he was accosted near a village by a mounted traveler, who mentioned that he was a planter of the country, and invited the young advocate with all the freedom of western hospitality to dine at his house the following day. The invitation was accepted; and the eastern gentleman arriving at the mansion of the unknown host, found a large party collected, the majority of which were strangers, like himself, and invited apparently in the same manner. The dinner, however, was got through with sociably enough; and by the time the glass began to circulate freely, all felt that easy confidence in the fellowship and good feeling of each other which is the soul of good society. The host then rising, described briefly the state of the northwestern frontier, and produced a commission from his pocket to raise a corps and march at once thither. They enlisted to a man; their entertainer provided them on the spot with the necessary stores and munitions, and the band of the volunteers started in a few hours on their march to the border. The name of the noble host was not mentioned, but the eastern adventurer, who was elected a Lieutenant on the spot, and soon after became a Captain, was said to have been better known since as Colonel, General, Governor, and lastly, Mr. Secretary Cass.

**NAVY LYCEUM.**—The officers at the navy-yard in Philadelphia are about forming a "Lyceum," on the same plan as that at Brooklyn.

#### The Tablet.

We are unavoidably compelled to postpone the conclusion of the tale entitled "Almanza," till our next.

We have received the first number of Major Jack Downing's Magazine. It is an amusing thing, written in the true Yankee dialect, and will undoubtedly, by a large class of readers, be had in great demand.

As the present volume of the Tablet, is about drawing to a close, we once more call upon those who are indebted to us, to send us the amount due. It is our intention to print a catalogue of all the delinquent subscribers in the last number of the present volume; therefore, such as do not wish to see their names in print, must pay up arrearages.